

—According to Sir J. H. Jeffry, the ground in British North America, at Fort Norman, on the Mackenzie River, is permanently frozen to a depth of 45 feet; and York Factory, on Hudson Bay, but 23 feet. While at Yakutsk, Siberia, in about the same latitude, it is frozen 280 feet deep.

—A disease of salmon, caused by a fungus, prevails extensively in England and Scotland. Scientists have been investigating the matter, but have been unable to find a remedy, although the chief agents in the development of the disease are believed to be the pollution of waters and overcropping.

—A very successful experiment with a compressed air locomotive was lately made at Woolwich, England. The engine was provided with a reservoir of 100 cubic feet capacity. With air filling this chamber at 1,000 pounds' pressure on starting, a run of 16 miles was easily made at a fair rate of speed. So great are the advantages of the "bottled air" for street railways, tunnels, etc., than an early adoption of this class of motors in many localities is sanguinely expected. The compression of the air is effected by means of stationary steam engines.

—At the August meeting of the American Association Prof. Bell showed the startling fact that light may be made to produce sound. M. Treve now claims that he has succeeded in reversing this result, and has described to the French Academy an experiment by which he believes a transformation of sound into light is produced.

—A California inventor has devised a process for pressing and drying potatoes so that they will keep for years, without loss of flavor.

—Large quantities of pottery are manufactured in Brazil from the hard, siliceous bark of the caiape tree. In the process, the ashes of the bark are powdered and mixed with the purest clay that can be obtained from the beds of the rivers—this kind being preferred, as it takes up a larger quantity of the ash, and thus produces a stronger kind of ware.

—Commander Cheyne, R. N., well known as the leading spirit in the projected balloon exploration of the polar regions, expresses himself as convinced that the failure of Sir John Franklin's expedition was due to starvation, brought about by the fraud of a contractor in supplying the party with preserved meats which could not be eaten. He cites several instances in which the meats put up by this contractor have been found to be simply preserved filth, totally unfit for food, more than five tons having been thrown overboard on one occasion from a vessel in the Arctic seas.

—Ocean soundings show that along the entire coast of California a depth of 1,500 fathoms or more is reached within a distance of from twenty to seventy miles seaward from the shores, the greater part of this sudden fall occurring in the last ten to fifty miles. At one hundred miles west of San Francisco the bottom is found to be over 2,500 fathoms deep. The best of the ocean continues of a uniform depth greater than 1,500 fathoms until the Sandwich Islands are reached, the greater depth being 3,000 fathoms, at a distance of about four hundred miles east of Honolulu, which great depth is maintained until within ninety miles of that place.

—The manufacture of fine sewing thread from wood is a new Swedish industry.

—A curious phenomenon has been observed in the Valley of the Rhone, in France. A very violent wind often prevails in the neighborhood of Uzes, which forcibly drives large quantities of sand against a land of quartz pebbles. The soft renewed friction of the sandy particles against the surface of the pebbles has worn deep cavities in the latter so smooth and regular that they might readily be regarded as specimens of man's handiwork.

—The eruption of Mount Etna in 1669, according to a French journal, was the most formidable of historic times. The side of the mountain opened for a length of about four miles, and there issued from it a torrent of lava four miles broad, which, after destroying several villages and half of the city of Catania, flowed into the sea and formed a promontory two miles long by half a mile wide and sixty feet high. At the same time the scoria and sand thrown out by the crater formed a mountain with a double crest, to which the name Monti Rossi has been given. The higher of the two crests is about 800 feet above Etna, and 3,000 feet above the sea. The cone of Monti Rossi contains two immense extinct craters, and, descending one of them in 1823, an explorer found at the end of a series of galleries a vast rectangular room exactly in the center of the mountain. This remarkable grotto has since been opened to travelers, and is illuminated by magnesium light.

—Another feat in telegraphy is recorded. A message of sixty-nine words was lately sent from Melbourne at 1 P. M., and reached London at 3:43 A. M., on the same day. Allowing for difference of time between the cities, the message was but 23 minutes in transit. Distance, 13,398 miles.

A COLLISION BETWEEN INVERGOW AND BUTLER.—This is too good to be lost.—Benjamin F. Butler and Colonel Invergow met on the train to Washington on Wednesday evening, the day after the election. In reply to Colonel Invergow's greeting, "How do you feel to-night?" General Butler said, "Oh, pretty well."

"Why," said Colonel Invergow, in a surprised tone, "I supposed you must be feeling pretty sick over Garfield's election."

VOL. VIII.

RUM AND REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT

are Antagonistic and cannot Co-exist. The Republican Party was Created for the Purpose of Perpetuating and Perfecting the Republican Form of Government. Hence, as a Means to this End, it becomes its Duty to Wipe Out Every Influence upon the Rum Traffic.

In April, 1849, Hon. Charles H. Joyce, of Vermont, presented to the national House of Representatives a bill the purpose of which is set forth in the following extracts:

A bill providing for the appointment of a commission on the subject of the alcoholic liquor traffic.

It is enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That there shall be appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, a commission of five persons, not all of whom shall be advocates of prohibition; liquor laws, and neither of whom shall be the holder of any office of profit or trust in the General Government, nor any State Government. The said commissioners shall be selected solely with reference to personal fitness and capacity for honest, impartial, and thorough investigation, and shall hold office until their duties shall be accomplished, but not to exceed two years. It shall be their duty to investigate the alcoholic, fermented, and vinous liquor traffic and manufacture with reference to revenue and taxation, and the effect of each class of such liquors in their economic, criminal, moral, and scientific aspects, in connection with pauperism, crime, social vice, public health, and general welfare of the people; and also to inquire into the practical results of taxation and license laws, and of restrictive legislation for the prevention of intemperance in the several States, Territories, and District of Columbia.

Sec. 2. That the said commissioners shall further ascertain, as means may be the number of gallons of wine, beer, or malted liquors annually consumed in different countries, more especially within the United States; the number of deaths annually from alcoholism, the number and character of crimes resulting from the use of alcoholic and malt liquors, and the diseases produced by the use thereof; mental as well as physical; the number of arrests for drunkenness; the amount of pauperism produced by the use of such liquors; the amount of revenue received by the Government from the liquor traffic and liquor-taxing; the amount of tax or revenue received from such manufacturing and traffic by State and municipal governments; the amount of food transformed into alcohol, the probable retail cost of alcoholic and malt liquors consumed; the cost of caring for the insane, idiotic, criminals, and paupers made such by the use of alcoholic and malt liquors; the capital employed in the manufacture of such liquors, and in the traffic thereof; the quantity of such liquors imported and exported; the number of persons employed in the manufacture and sale of such liquors.

The committee to which it was referred, after the fullest consideration of the subject for nearly a year, on March 27th, 1880, made a report recommending its passage.

It passed the House, and would undoubtedly have passed the Senate, but the liquor interest of the country, realizing that the publication of such information must result from the investigations of a committee of this character would necessarily prove the death-knell of their traffic, found means to arrest its passage. The lesson to be learned from this is a double one. First, that the influence of the liquor traffic upon the taxes and revenues of the country and upon the moral and material welfare of its people, is such that its friends dare not let the facts be known; and second, that the power of the liquor interest in this country grown to the extent of now being able to control not only the legislation of the several States, but also of the national Congress.

In the first may be found the one great retarder of influence to the progress of the nation, and the one great hindrance to the successful solution of the problem of self-government which all the world is looking to this country to develop.

In the second is lurking a grave danger, a rock upon which we are fast sailing, and which will give the ship a shock even greater than that of the Southern rebellion, in that it reaches simultaneously the remotest parts of the structure. Each year that the rum interest is allowed to pursue its traffic, it adds to its own strength and renders the nation less able to cope with it, making the final struggle which is sure to come only the more disastrous.

The remedy is in the Republican party, who will have to accept the issue and prosecute the fight to its successful end, or step aside and give place to another party which will arise for the emergency. Let every Republican voter demand that the next national platform incorporate a prohibition plank. Let them demand that no man be nominated for office, national, State, or local, who is not pledged to prohibition, and if such are nominated, let every man refuse to give them a ballot.

When the demon of death and destruction, ignorance and crime, dares to step into the halls of the national Congress and demand that the people shall not be enlightened upon its own vital interests, then it is time that the nation arise in its might to rebuke and disarm it.

BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1880.

AN OLD STORY.

Phiseman John is brave and strong. None more brave on the coast than he; He owns a cottage and a fishing smack. As snug as ever could a fisherman be. And, what is true, that I could wish, Phiseman John loves me.

Often and often, when day is done, With smiling lips and eager eyes He comes to woo me, in every way He can, and I love him, for he never do, Though he loves me till he dies.

Phiseman John is a poor man. He has no more for outfit but a fishing smack, But, winning smile and a gentle eye, And a heart as true as the sea, I love him, for he never do, Though he loves me till he dies.

He loves not me, but every night He sits at the foot of Kate's bed, And a heart as true as the sea, I love him, for he never do, Though he loves me till he dies.

Often we wonder what he loves her, For she loves him, and he loves her, And Phiseman John loves her, And Phiseman John loves her.

HOW I BECAME THE FASHION.

I was born a beauty; from the time I could talk and understand, it was instilled into me as a fact. When I could toddle about, some judicious person, probably a nurse, gave me the name of "Beauty," and it stuck to me ever since. I don't think I was inordinately proud of my distinction, although even in childhood it makes a difference, but it seems to me as if my beauty had been a great help to me in my life.

"One of the great duties of a Christian is to set a right example, to live so that those who follow our footsteps may incur no danger of going wrong. I would like to ask Dr. Crosby if he is doing that. The open door to drunkenness is moderate drinking, and while we are trying to close that door, why don't you help us to close it? There is only one answer they would give, 'Because ourselves want to drink.' And yet there are people who wonder why infidelity is spreading when they can look abroad and see doctors of divinity supporting the trade in rum and encouraging moderate drinking. This question is not one of opinion, but one of fact. We know that two and two make four, and if a man says it doesn't, we know he is wrong. With drinking. It should be suppressed, and if church members would unite in saying, 'No, you shall not sell liquor,' it could be suppressed. In England they make their great brewers and distillers barons; in New Hampshire they make rum legislators and Governors; in Maine we send them to jail or exile, or we would if we had any. They know how they would be served and they keep away. Here in New York you have fine public schools and magnificent churches, the one to make your people wise and the other to make them better; but alongside of them you have schools of another kind, or factories, I might call them, which take in the raw material, the good citizen, and turn him out misused and worthless. Murder, rape, and arson are inconsistent with the general good, and are punished. I ask you if the sale of liquor is not also inconsistent with the general good, and ought not also to be punished? There is but one way to crush it, and that is by placing your politics aside and putting your consciences and convictions in the ballot-box. You may say this is a bad time to do this, which the Solid South and other misfortunes threaten us, but I tell you it is never a bad time to do right. You can win only by the ballot-box. Let Republicans tell their leaders that they will not vote their ticket unless they put a prohibition plank in their platform, and they will do it. Let Democrats say the same—but I don't know about the Democrats. Anyhow, the Republicans can do it, and should do it."

The late Governor Washburn, of Vermont, in a report made to the Legislature upon this subject some years ago, used the following forcible and eloquent language: "The cause of temperance should receive the most prompt, efficient, and complete aid that the State can give, consistently with the constitutional powers of the government on one hand and the constitutional rights of the people on the other. Because religion appeals to sublimer laws and deeper principles for the reformation of the race, we are unwilling to infer that the State is not to resort to human laws for the prevention and punishment of the vices and crimes of its citizens. Such doctrines would at once strip civil government of all moral power and all moral responsibility. The power of the State to prevent or punish offenses against religion or morality is fundamental. Without that power the State could protect neither the lives, the liberty, the reputation, the property, the health, nor the peace of its citizens, and when it is considered that intemperance is a vice which impairs all these rights, and imparts the taint to the blood, and is so very obvious that it seems to me to be the duty of the Legislature to provide the most certain and efficient remedy within its power. The experience of more than half a century has proved the license system to be a failure. It is not efficient to stay the vice at which it professes to aim. It feeds the evil it professes to punish. But wherever the prohibitory law has been strictly and faithfully executed the sale and use of intoxicating liquors has diminished, drunkenness has fallen off, public and private tranquillity have been better preserved, pauperism and crime have been lessened, taxes have been reduced, and the public good has been materially promoted."

Among the Suffragists.—The historian of the Woman's Rights Society, at its meeting at Worcester, summed up what has been done for women since its first convention was held at the same city just 80 years ago. "Every position to which women have attained she has secured by her own efforts," said the speaker. "In every department of public trust to which she has been permitted to attain, she has shown her faithfulness and her capacity. Because she is a woman is no longer any reason why she cannot do the thing she is best fitted for." The historian thought, too, that the signs of the times indicated that further advances would speedily be made by women, not only in one State but in other States and countries. "From Japan came the news that a woman had refused for her tax collector. The women are up in Arabia, they have already passed their first step in Persia, and rejoice that in other and in far-off lands, as well as in our own more favored one, 'the woman's hour has struck.' And, in truth, the advance of women legally and toward freedom of choice as to their employments has been surprising since 1850."

Love, faith, patience—the three essentials to a happy life.

THE BUCKS COUNTY GAZETTE.

NO. 16.

in it, although I hardly expected the wonderful footman to know where it was.

I soon got tired, so I sat down near the passage leading to the refreshment room. I always think the lunch is about the best thing at pictures. But they seemed never to be coming. For some time I amused myself looking at the people; they were a shifting mass of faces and dresses, and I was greatly diverted. By and by I began to observe that the crowd when they came to a certain picture stood there, forming a regular line, as they did for Miss Thompson. It was awfully hot, and I had taken off my veil and pushed up my hat, for my forehead was burning. Suddenly I noticed that a great many people turned their backs upon the picture, and looked at me, and then faced round again to the canvass wall. In my character of Beauty I have been all my life pretty well accustomed to the sort of homage conveyed by what is called "hard staring," so that it must have been an undue amount of it which attracted my attention; but surely I had never seen any like this. Groups of two, three, six at a time would stand before me, calmly surveying me, and I could gather by their gestures, talking of me. But I didn't hear what they said. I became very anxious to see the picture which attracted such attention, but the block round it was too great. The next best thing was to ask for information. It was some time before I could push my way through the crowd. She had a look back that person who seemed fitting for this purpose. At last a very quiet-looking lady came near me. She had a catalogue in her hand. I addressed her. "May I ask you to tell me the name of the picture at which every one is looking?" She turned to the book, but first glanced at me; then hurried on, and I saw her a few minutes afterward pointing me out to some of her friends. I felt extremely uncomfortable. I looked about anxiously for Charley and Matilda, but there was no sign of either of them. Then, I did a very foolish thing; I got up to go and look for them, principally to escape from the numberless eyes fixed upon me.

To my surprise the crowd made way at once, and, as I walked, followed me, disconcertingly. I could hear, I felt, remarks, which were of the most flattering description. Just then I saw in the distance a brother officer of Charley's, a certain Captain Winton. He was a hanger-on and toady of the great, and a most conceited, tiresome little creature. I disliked him, although I'm bound to say he never absolutely cut us.

He now stopped to speak to me; of course, he was politely indifferent as to the loss of my party.

"I would help you to look for Charley," he said, "but the fact is the Duchess of Cranberry is here and she's quite on the spot. Some one has told her that the original of the picture is actually in the room, and, of course, it would be every thing to secure her for the 20th, and, I am sure, I interrupted him rather rudely, and he said—'But here I was in turn interrupted. Two gentlemen on one side, two on the other, tapped Captain Winton on each shoulder."

"Will you kindly introduce me?" said one.

"And me?" said the other.

"And me?" said the third.

Little Winton stared, but he did as he was bid.

"Lord Snappington—Mrs. Redcar; Colonel Rotheringham—Mrs. Redcar; Sir John de Tabley—Mrs. Redcar; Major Beaulieu—Mrs. Redcar; Beaulieu, I think you know Charley Redcar; he was one of ours."

In right of this acquaintance, Major Beaulieu walked on my right hand; Lord Snappington fought hard to keep his place on my left, and the crowd, which persistently followed in my wake, would not let him. Hardly any conversation was possible. At the first convenient pause, little Winton darted forward:

"My dear Mrs. Redcar, how sly you have been! And Charley, too, never breathed a word of this! Now you must come at once to the Duchess; I have her positive orders." And, before I could take in what he meant, I was being introduced to a very large lady, with a high nose and most charming manner.

"I am glad to know you, Mrs. Redcar," she said, "but you are obliged to hurry away, but you will come to the 20th, won't you? I haven't time to say half the pretty things I ought; but really, without flattery, it isn't equal! There, now, I'll not say another word. Stay; could you come to my evening? It's shockingly informal, but you don't look formal. Eh? What?"—in answer to a whisper from little Winton—"Of course, I will come, but I have to go, that is, if he will give me the pleasure. I have to run away—so sorry. My carriage, Captain Winton, if you please. Good-bye." And with a pretty smile and bow, she vanished.

It was all so sudden I felt quite stunned. "I don't understand it," I said. "I don't know her, or what she wants with me."

"That's the Duchess of Cranberry. She's a great friend of Mrs. Masse's, and her wonderful party is to be on the 20th."

"But what does she want with me?" I repeated.

They all smiled, and Winton, who had just come back, said "Capital!" He volunteered to go and look for Charley, and suggested to one of the gentlemen to see about my carriage.

"The Duchess is delighted," he said, "and thanked me so much for the introduction. I wonder, it makes the whole thing complete. Didn't I do well about Charley? It wouldn't do at all for him to be in the background. But, listen, I have a hint for your private ear. I shouldn't be at all surprised if a certain person is there this evening."

"Where?"

"Oh! at the Duchess's, of course. I just give you the hint. Throw over any engagements you have? And mind you bring Charley." And with a grave face he went.

For a minute or two I felt inclined to cry. I had had no luncheon, and this extraordinary adventure puzzled me. I looked round at my escort of four gentlemen. "I should like to go home," I said.

Lord Snappington immediately offered me his arm. Major Beaulieu brought my parasol, and the other two ran for my carriage. "I haven't any, indeed," I went on; "I think you take me for some one else."

At this they all laughed, and Lord Snappington said I'd honor him by making use of his! He didn't want for the rest of the afternoon, if I liked to drive. He was so pressing that I really couldn't refuse to go to Lovers' Terrace

of Millais, and the "deep impasto" of Burne Jones.

I soon got tired, so I sat down near the passage leading to the refreshment room. I always think the lunch is about the best thing at pictures. But they seemed never to be coming. For some time I amused myself looking at the people; they were a shifting mass of faces and dresses, and I was greatly diverted. By and by I began to observe that the crowd when they came to a certain picture stood there, forming a regular line, as they did for Miss Thompson. It was awfully hot, and I had taken off my veil and pushed up my hat, for my forehead was burning. Suddenly I noticed that a great many people turned their backs upon the picture, and looked at me, and then faced round again to the canvass wall. In my character of Beauty I have been all my life pretty well accustomed to the sort of homage conveyed by what is called "hard staring," so that it must have been an undue amount of it which attracted my attention; but surely I had never seen any like this. Groups of two, three, six at a time would stand before me, calmly surveying me, and I could gather by their gestures, talking of me. But I didn't hear what they said. I became very anxious to see the picture which attracted such attention, but the block round it was too great. The next best thing was to ask for information. It was some time before I could push my way through the crowd. She had a look back that person who seemed fitting for this purpose. At last a very quiet-looking lady came near me. She had a catalogue in her hand. I addressed her. "May I ask you to tell me the name of the picture at which every one is looking?" She turned to the book, but first glanced at me; then hurried on, and I saw her a few minutes afterward pointing me out to some of her friends. I felt extremely uncomfortable. I looked about anxiously for Charley and Matilda, but there was no sign of either of them. Then, I did a very foolish thing; I got up to go and look for them, principally to escape from the numberless eyes fixed upon me.

To my surprise the crowd made way at once, and, as I walked, followed me, disconcertingly. I could hear, I felt, remarks, which were of the most flattering description. Just then I saw in the distance a brother officer of Charley's, a certain Captain Winton. He was a hanger-on and toady of the great, and a most conceited, tiresome little creature. I disliked him, although I'm bound to say he never absolutely cut us.

He now stopped to speak to me; of course, he was politely indifferent as to the loss of my party.

"I would help you to look for Charley," he said, "but the fact is the Duchess of Cranberry is here and she's quite on the spot. Some one has told her that the original of the picture is actually in the room, and, of course, it would be every thing to secure her for the 20th, and, I am sure, I interrupted him rather rudely, and he said—'But here I was in turn interrupted. Two gentlemen on one side, two on the other, tapped Captain Winton on each shoulder."

"Will you kindly introduce me?" said one.

"And me?" said the other.

"And me?" said the third.

Little Winton stared, but he did as he was bid.

"Lord Snappington—Mrs. Redcar; Colonel Rotheringham—Mrs. Redcar; Sir John de Tabley—Mrs. Redcar; Major Beaulieu—Mrs. Redcar; Beaulieu, I think you know Charley Redcar; he was one of ours."

In right of this acquaintance, Major Beaulieu walked on my right hand; Lord Snappington fought hard to keep his place on my left, and the crowd, which persistently followed in my wake, would not let him. Hardly any conversation was possible. At the first convenient pause, little Winton darted forward:

"My dear Mrs. Redcar, how sly you have been! And Charley, too, never breathed a word of this! Now you must come at once to the Duchess; I have her positive orders." And, before I could take in what he meant, I was being introduced to a very large lady, with a high nose and most charming manner.

"I am glad to know you, Mrs. Redcar," she said, "but you are obliged to hurry away, but you will come to the 20th, won't you? I haven't time to say half the pretty things I ought; but really, without flattery, it isn't equal! There, now, I'll not say another word. Stay; could you come to my evening? It's shockingly informal, but you don't look formal. Eh? What?"—in answer to a whisper from little Winton—"Of course, I will come, but I have to go, that is, if he will give me the pleasure. I have to run away—so sorry. My carriage, Captain Winton, if you please. Good-bye." And with a pretty smile and bow, she vanished.

It was all so sudden I felt quite stunned. "I don't understand it," I said. "I don't know her, or what she wants with me."

"That's the Duchess of Cranberry. She's a great friend of Mrs. Masse's, and her wonderful party is to be on the 20th."

"But what does she want with me?" I repeated.

They all smiled, and Winton, who had just come back, said "Capital!" He volunteered to go and look for Charley, and suggested to one of the gentlemen to see about my carriage.

"The Duchess is delighted," he said, "and thanked me so much for the introduction. I wonder, it makes the whole thing complete. Didn't I do well about Charley? It wouldn't do at all for him to be in the background. But, listen, I have a hint for your private ear. I shouldn't be at all surprised if a certain person is there this evening."

"Where?"

"Oh! at the Duchess's, of course. I just give you the hint. Throw over any engagements you have? And mind you bring Charley." And with a grave face he went.

For a minute or two I felt inclined to cry. I had had no luncheon, and this extraordinary adventure puzzled me. I looked round at my escort of four gentlemen. "I should like to go home," I said.

Lord Snappington immediately offered me his arm. Major Beaulieu brought my parasol, and the other two ran for my carriage. "I haven't any, indeed," I went on; "I think you take me for some one else."

At this they all laughed, and Lord Snappington said I'd honor him by making use of his! He didn't want for the rest of the afternoon, if I liked to drive. He was so pressing that I really couldn't refuse to go to Lovers' Terrace

in it, although I hardly expected the wonderful footman to know where it was.

I soon got tired, so I sat down near the passage leading to the refreshment room. I always think the lunch is about the best thing at pictures. But they seemed never to be coming. For some time I amused myself looking at the people; they were a shifting mass of faces and dresses, and I was greatly diverted. By and by I began to observe that the crowd when they came to a certain picture stood there, forming a regular line, as they did for Miss Thompson. It was awfully hot, and I had taken off my veil and pushed up my hat, for my forehead was burning. Suddenly I noticed that a great many people turned their backs upon the picture, and looked at me, and then faced round again to the canvass wall. In my character of Beauty I have been all my life pretty well accustomed to the sort of homage conveyed by what is called "hard staring," so that it must have been an undue amount of it which attracted my attention; but surely I had never seen any like this. Groups of two, three, six at a time would stand before me, calmly surveying me, and I could gather by their gestures, talking of me. But I didn't hear what they said. I became very anxious to see the picture which attracted such attention, but the block round it was too great. The next best thing was to ask for information. It was some time before I could push my way through the crowd. She had a look back that person who seemed fitting for this purpose. At last a very quiet-looking lady came near me. She had a catalogue in her hand. I addressed her. "May I ask you to tell me the name of the picture at which every one is looking?" She turned to the book, but first glanced at me; then hurried on, and I saw her a few minutes afterward pointing me out to some of her friends. I felt extremely uncomfortable. I looked about anxiously for Charley and Matilda, but there was no sign of either of them. Then, I did a very foolish thing; I got up to go and look for them, principally to escape from the numberless eyes fixed upon me.

To my surprise the crowd made way at once, and, as I walked, followed me, disconcertingly. I could hear, I felt, remarks, which were of the most flattering description. Just then I saw in the distance a brother officer of Charley's, a certain Captain Winton. He was a hanger-on and toady of the great, and a most conceited, tiresome little creature. I disliked him, although I'm bound to say he never absolutely cut us.

He now stopped to speak to me; of course, he was politely indifferent as to the loss of my party.

"I would help you to look for Charley," he said, "but the fact is the Duchess of Cranberry is here and she's quite on the spot. Some one has told her that the original of the picture is actually in the room, and, of course, it would be every thing to secure her for the 20th, and, I am sure, I interrupted him rather rudely, and he said—'But here I was in turn interrupted. Two gentlemen on one side, two on the other, tapped Captain Winton on each shoulder."

"Will you kindly introduce me?" said one.

"And me?" said the other.

"And me?" said the third.

Little Winton stared, but he did as he was bid.

"Lord Snappington—Mrs. Redcar; Colonel Rotheringham—Mrs. Redcar; Sir John de Tabley—Mrs. Redcar; Major Beaulieu—Mrs. Redcar; Beaulieu, I think you know Charley Redcar; he was one of ours."

In right of this acquaintance, Major Beaulieu walked on my right hand; Lord Snappington fought hard to keep his place on my left, and the crowd, which persistently followed in my wake, would not let him. Hardly any conversation was possible. At the first convenient pause, little Winton darted forward:

"My dear Mrs. Redcar, how sly you have been! And Charley, too, never breathed a word of this! Now you must come at once to the Duchess; I have her positive orders." And, before I could take in what he meant, I was being introduced to a very large lady, with a high nose and most charming manner.

"I am glad to know you, Mrs. Redcar," she said, "but you are obliged to hurry away, but you will come to the 20th, won't you? I haven't time to say half the pretty things I ought; but really, without flattery, it isn't equal! There, now, I'll not say another word. Stay; could you come to my evening? It's shockingly informal, but you don't look formal. Eh? What?"—in answer to a whisper from little Winton—"Of course, I will come, but I have to go, that is, if he will give me the pleasure. I have to run away—so sorry. My carriage, Captain Winton, if you please. Good-bye." And with a pretty smile and bow, she vanished.

It was all so sudden I felt quite stunned. "I don't understand it," I said. "I don't know her, or what she wants with me."

"That's the Duchess of Cranberry. She's a great friend of Mrs. Masse's, and her wonderful party is to be on the 20th."

"But what does she want with me?" I repeated.

They all smiled, and Winton, who had just come back, said "Capital!" He volunteered to go and look for Charley, and suggested to one of the gentlemen to see about my carriage.

"The Duchess is delighted," he said, "and thanked me so much for the introduction. I wonder, it makes the whole thing complete. Didn't I do well about Charley? It wouldn't do at all for him to be in the background. But, listen, I have a hint for your private ear. I shouldn't be at all surprised if a certain person is there this evening."

"Where?"

"Oh! at the Duchess's, of course. I just give you the hint. Throw over any engagements you have? And mind you bring Charley." And with a grave face he went.

For a minute or two I felt inclined to cry. I had had no luncheon, and this extraordinary adventure puzzled me. I looked round at my escort of four gentlemen. "I should like to go home," I said.

Lord Snappington immediately offered me his arm. Major Beaulieu brought my parasol, and the other two ran for my carriage. "I haven't any, indeed," I went on; "I think you take me for some one else."

At this they all laughed, and Lord Snappington said I'd honor him by making use of his! He didn't want for the rest of the afternoon, if I liked to drive. He was so pressing that I really couldn't refuse to go to Lovers' Terrace

So much for the truth of report

